

P R O L O G U E

This SPOKEN BY *Belongs*

11630. d. 12

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Mr G A R R I C K,

to THURSDAY, ^{*to*} April 5, 1750. *Georges*

Coffee AT THE *House*

REPRESENTATION of COMUS,

Temple Barr

THE BENEFIT

Mrs ELIZABETH FOSTER,

M I L T O N's

Grand-Daughter, and only surviving Descendant.

London

L O N D O N.

Printed for J. PAYNE and J. BOUQUET in Pater-noster-Row.
M,DCC,L,

PROLOGUE

STOKEN BY

MR. GARRICK

THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1750.

AT THE

REPRESENTATION OF COMUS

IN THE THEATRE ROYAL

MILTON

OF THE DEEDS AND ONLY SURVIVING DESCENDANTS

LONDON



Printed by J. BARNES and J. HODGKIN, in Pall-mall-Row.



A NEW
P R O L O G U E
S P O K E N A T T H E

Representation of COMUS.



Ye patriot Crouds, who burn for *E*
land's Fame,
Ye Nymphs, whose Bosoms beat at
MILTON's Name,
Whose gen'rous Zeal, unbought by flatt'ring
Rhimes,
Shames the mean Pensions of *Augustan* Times;
Immortal Patrons of succeeding Days,
Attend this Prelude of

Let Wit, condemn'd the feeble War to wage;
 With close Malevolence, or public Rage;
 Let Study, worn with Virtue's fruitless Lore,
 Behold this Theatre, and grieve no more.
 This Night, distinguish'd by your Smile, shall tell,
 That never BRITON can in vain excel;
 The slighted Arts Futurity shall trust,
 And rising Ages hasten to be just.

At length our mighty Bard's victorious Lays
 Fill the loud Voice of universal Praise,
 And baffled Spite, with hopeless Anguish dumb,
 Yields to Renown the Centuries to come.
 With ardent Haste, each Candidate of Fame
 Ambitious catches at his tow'ring Name:
 He fees, and pitying fees, vain Wealth bestow
 Those pageant Honours which he scorn'd below:
 While Crowds aloft the laureat ^BDust behold,

Unknown, unheeded, long his Offspring lay,
 And Want hung threat'ning o'er her flow Decay.
 What tho' she shine with no MILTONIAN Fire,
 No fav'ring Muse her morning Dreams inspire;
 Yet softer Claims the melting Heart engage,
 Her Youth laborious, and her blameless Age:
 Hers the mild Merits of domestic Life,
 The patient Suff'rer, and the faithful Wife.
 Thus grac'd with humble Virtue's native Charms
 Her Grandfire leaves her in *Britannia's* Arms,
 Secure with Peace, with Competence, to dwell,
 While tutelary Nations guard her Cell,
 Yours is the Charge, ye Fair, ye Wife, ye Brave!
 'Tis yours to crown Desert--beyond the Grave!

Unhappy, unnumber'd long his Offering lay,
And Woe hung threatening o'er her low Decay.
What tho' she shone with no Miltonian Fire,
No rav'ning Mole her morning Dreams inspire;
Yet softer Claims the melting Heart engage,
Her Youth laborious, and her plann'd Age;
Here the mild Mists of domestic Life,
The patient Suffer, and the faithful Wife,
Thine grac'd with humble Virtue's native Charm,
Her Griefs leave her in Arms.

Secure with Peace, with Confidence, to dwell,
While tutelary Nations guard her Cell.
Yours is the Charge, ye Fair, ye Brave!
Tis yours to crown Desert beyond the Grave!